

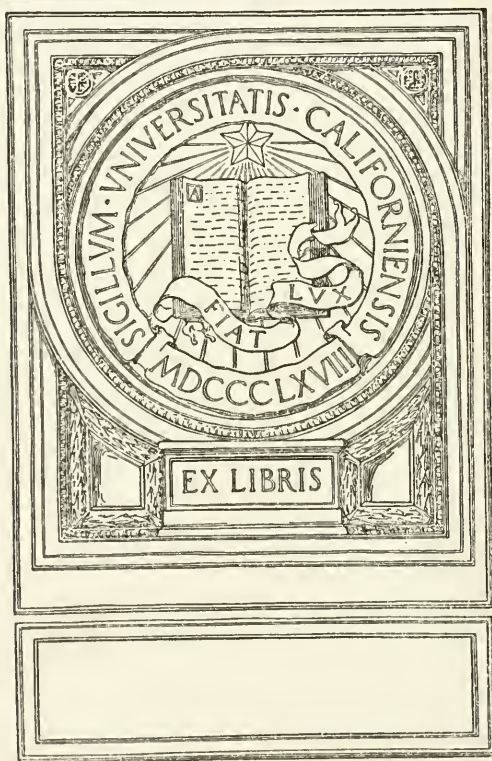
Canadian Singers and Their Songs

COMPILED BY
EDWARD S. CASWELL


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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



Canadian Singers and Their Songs



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CHARLES SANGSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY AND
OTHER POEMS," "HESPERUS AND OTHER POEMS
AND LYRICS," "OUR NORLAND," ETC.

Canadian Singers and Their Songs

A COLLECTION OF
PORTRAITS AND AUTOGRAPH POEMS

COMPILED BY
EDWARD S. CASWELL

MCCLELLAND & STEWART
PUBLISHERS - TORONTO

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EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

IN presenting to the public this "portrait gallery" of Canadian poets—an enlargement of a brochure published some sixteen years ago—the Editor does not claim to have included in it all who might be considered entitled to admission. Criticism doubtless will be made in some cases, on the ground either of inclusion or exclusion, but it is believed that the collection will be recognized as fairly representative of this department of Canadian literature. In the decade and a half which has passed since the publication of the first edition many strong, clear voices have joined the national chorus, and the Editor deems himself fortunate in having secured contributions from so many of these new singers.

The reader will not be surprised to observe how largely the Great War is reflected in these pages. A special interest attaches to the poems of Lieut.-Col. McCrae, Major Langstaff and Lieut. Trotter. The death of these gallant officers, while it has enriched the country's honor-roll of achievement and sacrifice, has at the same time robbed our literature of the riper product of powers rich in promise.

No apology need be made for giving to Charles Sangster the distinctive place he holds in the book. He has been called the "Father of Canadian Poetry," and there are few who will differ with the late Dr. Dewart in his estimate of Sangster's genius as "more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province." For the photograph the Editor is indebted to Mr. Rod Sangster, of Montreal, a son of the poet; and for the poem to the late Mr. Charles H. Gould, M.A., Librarian of McGill University, to which institution the manuscript poems of Sangster, revised shortly before his death, were committed for keeping.

Through the kindness of Mrs. A. M. Tremaine, of this city, the Editor was permitted the use of a slight M.S.



book of poems of Joseph Scriven, author of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," on the inside of the back cover of which the poet had inscribed what without doubt would seem to be the first draft of his famous hymn. This little paper-bound book, comprising ten pages of poems written by his own hand, was given by the author to Mrs. Tremaine's father, the late John Charles Benett, of Brantford, in the early '50's. Scriven was then living in that City, where for a time he conducted a private school for children, of which school Mrs. Tremaine in her early childhood was a pupil. The hymn as reproduced here (p. 129), it will be noticed, not only differs in some of the lines from the version in use to-day, but is lacking eight lines of the latter. There would seem to be no doubt that it is the hymn as originally composed by the author. As beyond question the best-known piece of Canadian literature, it is well worthy of a place in this collection.

Sincere thanks are due to the writers and to the friends of deceased writers whose generous co-operation has made this publication possible; also to the several publishers who have consented to the use of copyrighted poems. The kindly response from all quarters has made the task of collection, somewhat arduous in itself, a very real pleasure throughout. Acknowledgment also is gratefully made of the valuable assistance received from Mrs. Jean Blewett and Miss Helena Coleman. It is hoped that the taste here given may serve to whet the appetite of the reader for a closer acquaintance with the work of the writers represented in this little volume.

Toronto, 1919.

Lapooka.

The clouds roll over the pine trees,
 Like waves that are charged with ire;
 Golden and fiery-tinted, their crests
 Ablaze with a gorgeous fire.

The sun has gone down in splendour,
 The heavens are wild with flames,
 And all the horizon is burning
 With colours that have no name.

And over the mighty forests
 The mystical hues are spread,
 Calm as the smiles of the angels,
 Still as the peaceful dead.

And the lake, serene and thoughtful,
 And the river, deep in dream;
 And the purple cliffs in the distance
 Are robed with the glory-gleams.

The Hunter.



WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON

AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER ARMY AND OTHER POEMS."

*Sic Transit Gloria.*

For what of splendor or of fame
Can vaunt itself beneath the sun?
The race of myriads is run,
But Nature's face is e'er the same.

The secret craft of Memphian priest,
The grace of Athens, the towers of Rome,
Sidonian triremes turning home,
The mellow wonder of the East, --

Who shall see them restored again?
The memory of their pride and shame
Held by the learned few, their name
Strange to the mass of modern men!

Along the fast white roads of Time,
In spite of pomp and sneering lust,
Life's caravans are blown to dust,
And only Nature moves sublime.

William Talbot Allison.



JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH

AUTHOR OF "MOTLEY," "IN MANY KEYS," ETC.



Sympathy

Beside the graves' new-rounded sod
By some dear instinct close we come,
Heart-draws to heart, tho' we are dumb,
And dumbly seek to share the rod.

We do not know what is to be,
We cannot guess, we cannot see;
We can but stand and wait for God.

As when the winter tempests fall
With blinding snow-weather on the steep,
And clouds and darknesses dread appall,
What can they do, the unknowing sheep,
But gather close and silence keep,
And listen for the Shepherd's call.

J. W. Benbow



MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

Noon-Day on Lake Ontario.

The sun strode laughing through the unguarded Heavens.
His darts that dealt mortality but yesterday to the clouds,
Now idle, sportive, he shook at the fugitives herded on the horizon,
Fainting afar to the limbo of forms forgotten.
Oh, pickled merry he rattled his half-full quiver
And into the sea-broad lake, a cap-hire fable,
He spilled ten thousand arrow-heads of glory!
So quenched he his ire and took his Victor's pleasure.

I saw the Lake leap up like Love's quick boom
At every bard's keen point a mortal splendor—
A wound, a star, a diadem of rainbows!
Ten thousand pangs the ecstatic water suffered;
Ten thousand shafts rained down through painting ethers
So marched the Conqueror-Wanton through his zenith.

Mary Josephine Benson.



JEAN BLEWETT

AUTHOR OF "HEART SONGS," "THE CORNFLOWER AND OTHER POEMS," ETC,



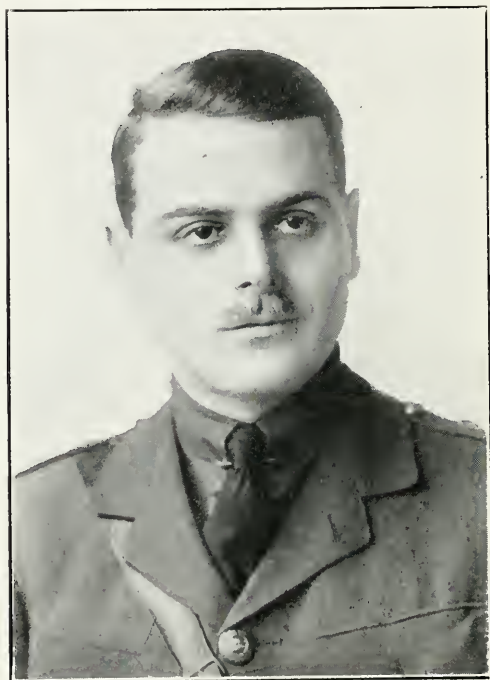
LOVE'S LESSON.

Put self behind, turn tender eyes,
Keep back the words that hurt and sting,
We learn when sorrow makes us wise,
Forbearance is the grandest thing.

Be patient lest some day we turn
Our eyes on loved one fast asleep
In death, and whisper as we yearn:
"How often I have made you weep!"
"Some loved you not, and words let fall
That must have pierced your gentle breast,
But I - who loved you best of all -
Did hurt you more than all the rest!"

One lesson let us keep in mind,
To hold our dear ones close and fast -
Since loyal hearts are hard to find -
And Life and Love so soon are past.

Jean Brewett.



ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

LIEUTENANT CANADIAN INFANTRY, ATTACHED TO ROYAL AIR FORCE,
AUTHOR OF "LAURENTIAN LYRICS,"



Immortality

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
until they wake.

They will not weep, the mothers, in the years
The future will decree;
For they have died that the battles and the tears
Should cease to be.

They will not die, the victorious and the slain,
Sleeping in foreign soil,
They gave their lives, but to the world is the gain
Of their sad toil.

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
until they wake.

Arthur Housman.



FRANK OLIVER CALL

AUTHOR OF "IN A BELGIAN GARDEN AND OTHER POEMS,"



Calvary

The women stood and watched while thick, black night
Enclosed the awful tragedy. Afar
Three crosses stood, against a single bar
Of crimson-glowing, black-encircled light.
No hint of Easter dawn. In all the height
Of that dark heaven, not a single star
To whisper;—Love and Life the victors are.
It seemed to them that wrong had conquered night.

O ye who watch and wait, the night is long.
A curtain of spun fire and woven gloom
Across the mighty tragedy is drawn.
But soon your ears shall hear a triumph song,
And golden light shall touch each sacred tomb,
And voices shout at last—The Dawn! The Dawn!
F. O. Call.



WILFRED CAMPBELL, F.R.S.C.

AUTHOR OF "LAKE LYRICS," "THE DREAD VOYAGE," "BEYOND THE
HILLS OF DREAM," "SAGAS OF VASTER BRITAIN," ETC.



Not unto Endless Dark."

Not unto endless dark do we go down!
Though all the wisdom of wide earth said, yea,
Yet my fond heart would thro' eternal nay.
Night, prophet of morning, wears her starry crown,
And jewels with-hope her murkiest shades that frown,
Death's doubt is kernelled in each prayer we pray,
Eternity-but night in some vast-day
Of God's far-off, white flame of love's renewal.
Not unto endless dark! We may not-know
The distant-deeps to which our hopes go,
The tidal shores where ebb our fleeting breath:-
But over all and dread and doubts fell dark,
Sweet hope eternal holds the human heart,
And love laughs down the desolate dunks of death

W. Wilfred Campbell



BLISS CARMAN

AUTHOR OF "LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ," "BEHIND THE CROSS,"
"BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN," "BY THE AURELIAN WALL," ETC.

Roadside Flowers

Heave the roadside flowers,
Shaying from garden grounds,
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
He makes his Sun to rise,
And his rain to fall like parden
On our dusty paradise.

On us he has laid the duty,
The task of the wandering breed, -
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Now shall we sing of the season,
Our question the wind when it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.

The Lord of the Garden knows.

Blissfarman



HELENA COLEMAN

AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND SONNETS," "MARCHING MEN," ETC.



The Living Dead.

My tears are less for the slain
In the battle of life,
Than for those that remain
Unarmed to the strife.

For those who ne'er have known
The warrior's share;
Ne'er frozen or flamed
With love and despair.

For hearts that know not to weep
Or smile with scorn,
For souls still heavy with sleep
That perish unborn.

Helena Coleman



ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "OLD SPOOKSES' PASS, MALCOLM'S KATIE," ETC.,
AND "COLLECTED POEMS,"



Faith, Hope and Charity

A star leant down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of Death—
Before it roll'd black shadows from the land
The star was Faith
—2.—

Across wild storms that hid the mountains far
In furl'd cope;
Pursuing the black there sail'd a throbbing star,
The red star Hope!
—3.—

From God's east-palace a large sun grandly roll'd
Over land and sea
Its core pure fire, its stretching bands of gold
Great Charity!

Isabella Valancy Crawford Aug 24th 83



EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

EDITOR OF "SELECTIONS FROM THE CANADIAN POETS,"
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF LIFE," ETC.



Divine Guidance.

Lead Thou me on. My path is steep;
Beset with foes I cannot see —
Father Thy child in safety keep,
My strength is all from Thee.

When clouds and darkness round me close,
And fierce temptations sorely press,
Hold Thou my hand; repel my foes;
With calm endurance bless.

Forgive my timid, faithless fears,
Let trusting love my portion be,
Till safe from conflicts, doubts, & tears,
I rest above with Thee.

B. H. Dewart.



JAMES B. DOLLARD

AUTHOR OF "IRISH MIST AND SUNSHINE," "COLLECTED POEMS OF
FATHER DOLLARD," "IRISH LYRICS AND BALLADS," ETC.



To The Aviators of LEASIDE and ARMOUR HEIGHTS

All summer long, your crowding planes
Shadowed the fields where droned the bee,
Or drowned the roar of rushing trains,
With engines purring stertorously.

Banked white against a mottled sky,
Or lifted to the noonday blaze;
Singly, or like wild geese on high,
All day ye met our marvelling gaze.

Air as tinted dragon-flies,
One with the light and drifting wind;
So did your whirring shapes arise,
And leave the grovelling Earth behind.

Across deep lakes of molten gold
Where sunsets' colours flushed and paled;-
Past purple peaks where angels fold
Their wings, your venturous pilots sailed!

And cried to us:- "Look up! Look up!
Ye blinded moles that haunt the shade -
Gaze on the Heavens' jewelled cup,
And praise the wonders God hath made!"

Clearers of space, ye fear no foe,
The huge cloud-dragons ye out-race;
Or float serene o'er Earth below,
Like falcons poised in pride of place

Dismays of timid souls ye shame -
Your souls of fire no perils shun;
Lo! ye, like moths that dare the flame,
Would heed the Angel in the sun!

James B. Dollard



WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D., F.R.S.C.

AUTHOR OF "THE HABITANT," "THE VOYAGEUR," "JOHNNY COURTEAU,"
"THE GREAT FIGHT," ETC.



Yass, dat is de way Victorians fin' us dis
 sometin we can't' fuss about notin', but it's all ^{pubilee-}
 an' wenever dere's danger round' her, no matter an
 she is lan!
 Shile fin' dat her banayens can fight de sam'
 as her' Englishman!
 an' onder de flag of Angketerre so long as dat
 flag was fly,
 It's dere English broads, her banayens is satisfy
 heer' an' de-
 Dats de message our fader gees' us iver, dappi
 fadin' an' Chateaugay
 an' de flag was Kipin' dem Sage den, dats de
 Han we wile Kip alway!

William Henry Drummond

Montreal —



DOUGLAS LEADER DURKIN

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTING MEN OF CANADA."



A Little Philosophy

What is a world, my boy ⁷

A little rain, a little sun,
A little shore where ripples run,
A little green upon the hill,
A little glade, a little rill,
A little day with skies above,
A little night where shadows move,
A little work for men to do,
A little play for such as you;
A passing night, a coming morn,
A coming love, a passing scorn;
Of blackest cloud a little bit,
With silver on the rim of it;
A little trouble, lots of joy—
And there you have a world, my boy

Douglas L. Surkin



HELEN MERRILL EGERTON



Bluebirds.

O magic music of the Spring, —
Across the morning's breezy meads
I hear the South wind in the reeds,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.

O mellow music of the morn, —
Across the fading fields of Time
How many joyous songs are borne
From memory's enchanting chime,
I see the grasses shine with dew,
The cornflowers gleaming in the grain,
And oh! the bluebirds sing — and you?
We fare together once again.

O haunting music of the dusk,
When silent birds are on the wing
And sweet is scent of pine and musk —
Oh! as we wander hand in hand
Along the shadow-painted land,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.
Helen Merrill Egerton



ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

AUTHOR OF "SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES," "AT LIFE'S WINDOWS,"
"FUGITIVES," "THE INDIAN BRIDE," ETC.



"*Lin Unknown.*"

No mother wept when thou didst take thy leave,
No home hopes now in vain for thy return,
No saddened family for months shall grieve.
When from some messenger thy fate they learn
Still thou art not unclaimed, for Britain knows
That thou didst cross the world for sake of her,
And thou, brave boy, art brother to all those
Whom Freedom doth in these scarred fields inter.
What was it made thee quit thy 'customed task,
When War's shrill bugle woke thy quiet vale?
Wouldst thou begin anew?—In vain we ask,
But now where worth is known they bid thee 'Hail'.
And what if to this old world thou wast strange,
Down storied fields with heroes thou dost range.

Alexander Louis Fraser.



ALFRED GORDON

AUTHOR OF "VIMY RIDGE AND OTHER POEMS,"



Day after day no gun had spoken,
Night after night seemed peace unbroken:
But the roads in the faint star-light were black
With business for the great attack.

Night after night, with muffled clanks,
On their bellies crept & crept the tanks;
Stone-still, like Saurian monsters there,
In the silhouette of a sudden place.

Though neither song nor cigarette
Cheered the regiments as they met,
They cursed so softly, a snapping branch
Seemed like a roaring avalanche.

Back in each forest, wood & spinney,
The trooper smothered the brown mare's whimmy,
"Nuzzle your muzzle here, dear lass!
Patience! Patience! The time will pass!"

"Soon, lass, soon, we'll ride & ride
With ringing hoofs through the countryside!
Hard on the heels of the flying foe,
As we dreamed we'd ride three years ago!"

Alfred Gordon

From "Ballad of The Forty Silent
Men" in "Virny Ridge & New Poems"



KATHERINE HALE
(MRS JOHN W GARVIN)

AUTHOR OF " GREY KNITTING," " THE WHITE COMRADE,"
" THE NEW JOAN AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



At Noon

Thou art my tower in the sun at noon,
The shaft of shade upon my golden may,
In painted space the healing note of gray,
The undertone in nature's pagan rune;
And like a wave lashed to the dying moon,
When old desire is haunting its old prey,
By strength subdues the forces that would slay,
And soft withdrawal brings, all starry-strown.

So doth the soul return to Truth's strong tower,
Pilgrim secure at last of its abode,
Hearing that voice as beautiful as morn;
Come to the heart of Silence, O my flower,
Out from the colored heat, the gleaming road,
Into the place where deathless light is born.

Katherine Hale.



S. FRANCES HARRISON

(SERANUS)

AUTHOR OF "PINE-ROSE AND FLEUR-DE-LIS," EDITOR OF "THE CANADIAN
BIRTHDAY BOOK," ETC.,



O it were good, & it were sweet,
If we might keep our feet somewhere,
In other world, in purer air,
Perhaps in heaven's golden street,
Perhaps upon its crystal stair!

"In" power and leave to keep" shall be
The golden city's legend dear,
Tho' wiped away be every tear,
First for a season must flow free
The floods that leave the vision clear.

S. Frances Harris on
Surrender.



NORAH M. HOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "SPUN YARN AND SPINDRIFT."



The End of The Road.

There's many a path your feet may take,
O'er hill or vale or plain,
By noisy streamlet or lonely lake
Where only the winds a murmur make,
And the silence falls like rain.

But wherever the foot of man may go,
Our shoulders bear their load,
In joy or sorrow, in mirth or woe,
There's an end to every road, we know,
And God's at the end of the road.

Isaac M. Holland



HILDA MARY HOOKE



Inspiration.

A moment when the world is sunk in space,
And like a cloak Eternity is flung
Across the shoulders of the lifted soul,
That stands tip-toe, outstretched to meet the spheres,
And, yearning upward, like a flower is caught
Against the bosom of the Infinite.

Hilda M. Hoole.



ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS



Her Wish.

"Whatever else I wish," she said,
"I shall not ever wish me dead.
To lie so still—and not to know
When grasses stir and flowers blow!
Bright light and happy sound," said she,
"And changeful winds to blow for me!"

There fell, across her young heart's rush,
A strange and sudden hush

O Breezes, blow your changefullest!
You cannot lure her from her rest.
O Flowers, spring! O Grasses, stir!
You shall not ever waken her.
Call, wild, and sweet, and wistfully,
She will not hear, O Bush and Tree!

For through the dark there stole along
A strange and quiet song.

Annie Campbell Questio



E. PAULINE JOHNSON

(TEKAHIONWAKE)

AUTHOR OF "FLINT AND FEATHERS: COLLECTED POEMS," "LEGENDS
OF VANCOUVER" (PROSE), ETC.



The Indian Corn planter.

He needs must leave the trapping and the chase
 For making game his arrows now dispoise.
 And from the hunter's Heaven turn his gaze
 To win some promise from the dormant soil

He needs must leave the lodge that wintered him
 The everlasting fires, the blanket bed.
 The Sonnet's dulcet verses for the grain
 Reality of laboring for bread.

So goes he forth beneath the planter's moon
 With sack of seed that harbors large increase.
 His simple pagan faith knows night and noon
 Heat, cold, seed time and harvest shall not cease.

And gilding to his need - this honest soil
 Brown as the hand that tills it, moist with rain
 Teeming with ripe fulfilment - true as God.
 With fostering richness mothers every grain.

E. Pauline Johnson

TERMINATE



ROBERT KIRKLAND KERRIGHAN

"THE KHAN."

AUTHOR OF "THE KHAN'S CANTICLES."



Hear ye His Voice.

== . ==

Behold I stand in the street without
 Eager your priceless souls to win
 I hear the laughter the song the shout
 Open - open! and let me in
 Oh! let me in to my erring flock
 Behold I stand at your door and knock,
 + + +

Behold I stand in the storm without
 Wand'ring hither from ^{heaven} ~~foreign~~ lands
 Ah! do not scorn me and do not doubt
 Look on my feet - behold my hands!
 A weary I cannot farther walk
 Behold I stand at the door and knock!
 + + +

Cold, I have starved 'neath a broken thatch
 While Anti-Christ's by fire-sides basked
 In waiting here I will left no latch
 Nor enter in unless I'm asked
 I'll break no hinge - I will pick no lock
 Behold I stand at the door and knock!
 + + +

The boxes have holes the birds have nests
 Each living creature hath his bed
 Your cross of sin on my shoulder rests
 While I've no place to lay my head
 Hear ye my summons and do not mock
 Behold I stand at your door and knock!

The Waggon
 Rushdale Farm
 + mas, 02

The Khan



WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN DOG," "CANADIAN IDYLLS," ETC.



Sonnet—

✓

For the hairs of your head are all numbered."

God numbers them, His servants hoary hairs,
Blanched for sternest, no longer set in
In glory of a youthful Nazarene
Bare-headed in the sun, but fraught with cares
And fever, as each year our strength impairs,
And we are hit with arrows straight and keen
Of death's strong Angel, shooting hard between
To prove our tenuous how it holds and weaves,
"But not a hair shall perish," in the rage
Of wintry storms now near, which without ruth
Will cast our bark of life upon the shore
Of the immortal spirits, where old age
Drops from us, and the beauty of our youth
Returns, and we grow younger ever more.

W. Kinby
Hingham
April 1889 ✓



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MILLET," "LYRICS OF EARTH," ETC.



There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapses and strife,
Till the fair human soul complete hereupon
Beneath the waves of storms that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appal,
Do listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all.
So to address our spirits to the heights,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul,
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remembers us with no familiar name.

Archibald Lampman



JAMES MILES LANGSTAFF

MAJOR 75TH BATT. C.E.F.

KILLED IN ACTION AT VIMY RIDGE, MARCH 1ST, 1917



I never thought that strange romantic WAR
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen
his car
And grisly steeds
~~Drown my black steeds~~ flash grimly thwart
The Sky.

Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds,
laughter, life.

All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet coloured with a secret joy;
For I have breathed in epic and
romance,

Have lived the dreams that thrilled
me as a boy!
How sound the ancient saying is forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's
stern truth!

J.M.L.



LILIAN LEVERIDGE

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE HILLS OF HOME AND OTHER POEMS."



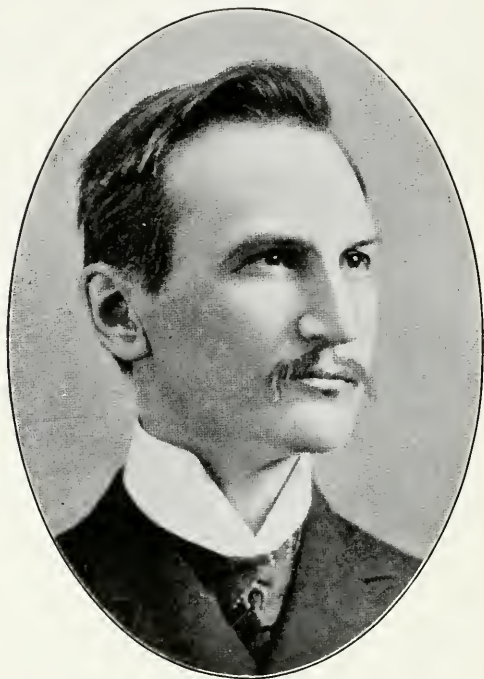
From "Over The Hills of Home"

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France"
you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien
winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly
your life laid down.
You unto death were faithful, Laddie,
yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the
sunshine grown,
As mother and I together speak softly
in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter
have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle,
Laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved Laddie! How soon should
we cease to weep
Could we glance through the golden gate-
way whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can
follow you where you roarn,
Over the hills of God, Laddie, the
beautiful hills of Home.

- Lilian Leveridge.



WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS, MOODS AND IDEALS," EDITOR OF
"SONGS OF THE GREAT DOMINION,"

Deathless

October 30, 1917.

In the rugged limestone pasture
 The old hard maple glows,
 With burning tone & glory
 Like the sun in all its sunset
 In the rich Laurentian autumn,
 The sunset of the year.

- ii -

At Passchendale I saw it
 When my lifestream stopped its flowing,
 As my life fell off in glory
 In the sunset of the year.

- iii -

The old hard maple glowing
 With dying fire and splendor,
 Hid at her every leafstalk
 The perfect end of spring

- iv -

At Passchendale I sleep now:
 Only my leaves of autumn,
 My autumn leaves, fell there
 For the wondrous spring was in me,
 And the life I gave at Passchendale
 Hid the life of morrow year.

W. A. Light Hall



FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF UKRAINIA," ETC.,



Pausy Royal

The Pausy, her brief summer
Spent and done,
In veil of purple shrouds
Her vesper face
Her dreams unmocked by any
staring sun,
She lies, in hidden keeping,
her life's grace.

So, dear one passing, when
the day have wrought
the end, and gently beckon
you apart,
Keep of us who so loved you
one sweet thought,
Like Pausy, treasured in
a brooding heart.

Helen Randal Livesay



ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART

AUTHOR OF "A MASQUE OF MINSTRELS," "BESIDE
THE NARRAGUAGUS," ETC.



Service.

They were not born in vain
 who live to bless
 And solace others; who, while some
 may strive
 Out of the spoils of men to grow and
 thrive.
 Afigure the meed of wrong and selfish-
 ness.
 Nor doth he live in vain who mak-
 eth less
 The sum of human sorrow; who in-
 spires
 Hope in man's breast, and kindles love's
 sweet fires;
 Whose charity relieves a friend's distress.
 Long may he live! to whom is ever dear
 A brother's fame; whose eye can rec-
 ognize,
 Whose pen proclaim, the merit that
 he sees;
 Who with his books and friends holds
 gentle cheer;
 And whom a poet's song, or maxim wise,
 Can never fail to interest and please.

Arthur John Lockhart.
 Pastor Felix.



JOHN, DANIEL LOGAN, [Ph.D.]

SERGEANT IN 85TH BATTALION NOVA SCOTIA HIGHLANDERS, C.E.F.

AUTHOR OF "INSULTERS OF DEATH AND OTHER POEMS OF THE GREAT DEPARTURE,"
"THE NEW APOCALYPSE AND OTHER POEMS OF DAYS AND DEEDS
IN FRANCE," ETC.



A Soldier's Shrines

Two secret shrines there are for me:

The one a wayside calvary,
 Low-canopied by fir and pine
 And thither oft I steal away,
 Kneel penitent & pray
 Christ grants forgiveness, free, divine;
 And Mary Virgin, grace benign;
 And John his tender charity.

O Welcome wayside calvary,
 O calm, secluded shrine,
 O sweet retreat of mine,
 Whose holy peak brings blissful ecstasy!

Another shrine for me there is,
 Recessed, inviolate, within
 The ruby chamber of my love's pure heart;
 And only I, ~~happy~~ her devotee, I wis,
 May duly enter in
 And supplicate & worship there apart.
 O spare her dear remembered image now,
 Unworthy worshipper, I bow:
 Her winsome graces are my Creed;
 Her low, meek speech, my Altar;
 Her tender thoughts, my Rosary
 And her Absolve to, my strength for holier deed
 O heart of Mine, O heart of Mine,
 Whose secret chamber is my constant shrine!

France, Apr. 1917



DANIEL CARMAN McARTHUR
CORPORAL 55TH BATTERY, C.E.F.

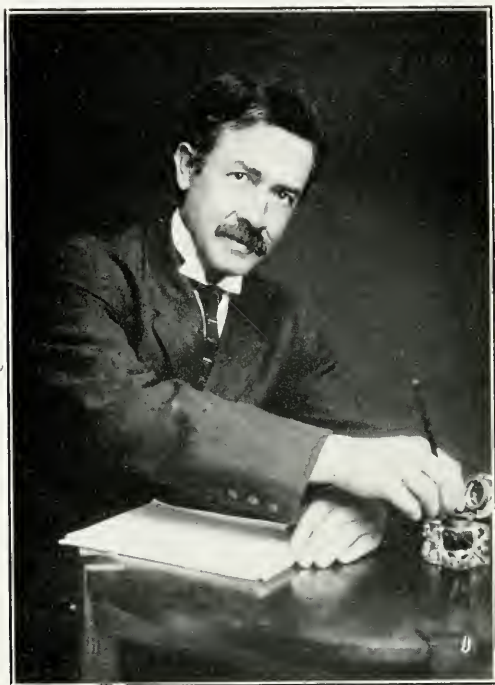


- Le Caporal -

Tremble! ye signallers, every man,
Under the glance of Corporal Dan!
Brand new clothes from tip to toe;-
- All dressed up, and no place to go -
Looks like a scarecrow up the line
But back in billets it's polish and shine.
- When the photographer turned his crank,
Dan struck an attitude - "beaucoup swank"
Exposed his flags and stripes and knife,
And the camera took him true to life!

France, May, 1918
~

D.C. McARTHUR



PETER McARTHUR

AUTHOR OF "THE PRODIGAL SON AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



The Pioneers

Our fathers toiled, but in a glorious fight;
The God of nations led them by the hand;
With pillared smoke by day and fire by night—
They wrought like heroes in their promised land;
The wilderness was conquered by their might;
They made for God the marvel He had planned—
A land of homes where toil could make men free,
The final masterpiece of Destiny.
Peter McArthur.



ALMA FRANCES McCOLLUM

AUTHOR OF "FLOWER LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS."



Purple Violets.

Violets in purple mourning
Blommed as flakes of driven snow,
Lustrous rugged path adorning
Ere the Swain knew its woe.

When the Virgin Mother, holy,
In her bitter anguish passed,
O'er the blossom white and lowly,
Was her sacred shadow cast;

And the agony of sorrow,
Falling like a purple pall, —
Unforgotten with the morrow —
Still doth linger o'er all.

Alma Frances McCallum



JOHN McCRAE

AUTHOR OF "IN FLANDERS FIELDS AND OTHER POEMS."

SURGEON FIRST BRIGADE FIELD ARTILLERY, C.E.F., 1914-15; LIEUT.-COLONEL
MEDICAL DIVISION No.3 CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL, 1915-18. DIED
28TH JANUARY, 1918. BURIED AT WIMEREUX, FRANCE.



In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the Poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place : and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead . Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe :
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch . be yours to hold it high !
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

NOTE—THE WORD "GROW" (INSTEAD OF "BLOW,"
AS IN THE ORIGINAL) IN THE FIRST LINE IS
EVIDENTLY AN INADVERTENT ERROR OF THE
AUTHOR IN TRANSCRIBING THE POEM FOR A
FRIEND—EDITOR.

John McCrae



ALEXANDER McLACHLAN

AUTHOR OF "THE EMIGRANT AND OTHER POEMS," "POEMS AND SONGS," ETC.



Written Beneath A Portrait of Robert Burns

1
Thou of the wild impassioned brain
Who poured thy heart in bloody rain
And was by thine own passions slain
Oh who thy sorrow can compute
O'er all the bitter bitter fruit
Of instincts trampled underfoot
For there's an angel sits above
Guarding the sanctities of love
That doth all levity reprove

2

Cold natures never can compute
The terrible life long dispute
Souls such as thine wage with the brute
And thus it is we often see
Good men all void of charity
For souls tossed on a raging sea
For here we have had all along
One ^{measure} standard for the weak and strong
And surely surely we are wrong

Alexander M Lachlan.



ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

AUTHOR OF "NORTHLAND LYRICS" (IN COLLABORATION WITH WILLIAM
CARMAN ROBERTS AND THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS)
AND "DREAM VERSES."



The Shepherd.

Among the hills of night my thoughts
Go wandering lost and torn;
No rest they find, or gleam of light
To solace them till morn;
Stumbling they fare, and know not where
Safe pasturage to win;
Oh, Shepherd Sleep, across the steep
Go out and call them in!

An errant flock, they follow far
By bitter pools of tears,
Lured on by Memory's lonely voice
And tracked by stealthy fears;
But wanderings cease, doubt sinks in peace,
If once the fold they win;
Oh, Shepherd Sleep, across the steep
Go out and call them in!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.



L. M. MONTGOMERY MACDONALD

AUTHOR OF "THE WATCHMAN AND OTHER POEMS," "ANNE OF GREEN
GABLES," "RAINBOW VALLEY," ETC.



Love's Prayer.

Beloved, this, the heart - I offer thee,
So purified from self isolation,
From outward hopes and from the
lingering chain
Of passion's deeps by penitential
pain.

Take thou it, then, and fill it - up
for me

With thy untried love and it
shall be

An earthly chalice that is made
divine

By its red draught - of sacramental
wine.

L. M. Montgomery



WILSON MACDONALD

AUTHOR OF "THE SONG OF THE PRAIRIE LAND AND OTHER POEMS."



A Song to the Singers.

Should you descend the stairway of old Time,
 And search the webbed wine cellars of the years,
 The breaking of each vessel of sweet rhyme
 Will make most merry music for thine ears.
 No time is dead that gave the world a song
 The larger hours were wet with music's flagon,
 And half the garlands of the brave belong
 To runes that calmed the courage of the dragon



The clouds that flowed o'er robust Rome have found
 Another prop to lean on than her stone
 But in the heart of music still abound
 Sweet traces of her tragic poet's tone
 And yonder tower that crowds the ampler air
 Shall dream in dust before my rhyming story.
 Let those who build arise where eagles dare
 I'll mount, on this white page, to swifter glory



What arrows ever pierced a traitor's crown
 That winged not out from some fair singer's heart?
 What courage on the ramparts of a town
 But fired its vigor with our choric art?
 Tomorrow one shall ride the steel-lipped way,
 Or fold his arms when mast and helm are sinking,
 Who wandered by the muses rill to-day
 And roused his valor at my fountain drinking.

Vancouver, B.C.
 Dec 23rd 1913

Wilson MacDonald.



AGNES MAULE MACHAR

(FIDELIS)

AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF THE TRUE NORTH," ETC.



The Warders Of The Seas.-Aug. 4-5 1914

In the solemn midnight watches, while the land lay fast
And silence brooded o'er peaceful fields and farms,^{ad sleep,}
The battleships of Britain rose forth upon the deep,
To meet the bristling Titans—the boast of London arm;—
—And Britain's truth to keep!

They guard a nation's honour, an Empire's future hold.
Millions of hearts are praying for their prowess and their power,
With burning hopes full-freighted for aye, yet untried,
Of Peace and Freedom, created from Europe's painful hour.
— They speed on—etern and bold;
“Lord of Nations!” Who dares shatter a proud Armada's might,
Be their shield and unseen Vanguard!” with one voice a
“God and the Right!”—their war-cry to nerve them for the fight,
To win for Man and Freedom, wher'er their standard flies,
The Triumph of the Right!

II

Four years later.

Oh mariners of Britain!— Four fatigued years ago,
Ye heard the sudden summons to the strife,
That sped you to the trackless seas to curb the haughty,
To guard Britannia's honour, — and her life!
Your charge ye took whole-hearted; — one trust before you lay
Great Dreadnought or small fishing-smack, — the Freedom
To hearts of struggling nations ye stood for strength and steel;
Never failing in the bulwarks of the fleet;
On quarter-deck or mast-head for friend, or foe ye stood,
While the mountain waves surged hissing o'er the deck,
Unbating and unweasting — your brave men held their post,
Or calmly went down, singing, amid the wreck;
Through moonlight or through starlight your task was done,
Never-ending was your faithful watch and ward;
From the flush of rose dawn, till sank the golden sun,
Neath the mighty waste of waters that ye guard.
For ye shied no Gorgon's to strike one fatal blow
For the flag that breeds the battle and the breeze;
For ye keep undimmed the glory of Britain's island story,
And — by God's grace, — the freedom of the seas!

Legles Maule Macpherson



ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE SHINING SHIP AND OTHER VERSE FOR CHILDREN,"
"UP THE HILL AND OVER," "MIST OF MORNING," ETC.



Killed In Action

My father lived his three-score years; my son
lived twenty-two;
One looked long back on work well done, and
one had all to do —
Yet which the better served his word, I know
not, nor do you!

To one, Life chattered all her lore, till he
grew wise and gray,
To one, she whispered only, ere she turned
her face away —
Yet which her deeper secret held only they
two might say.

Peace gave my father restful days, with
love and home for wage;
War gave my son an unmarked grave, and
an unwritten page —
Who shall declare which gift-conveyed
The greater heritage?

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay



CHARLES MAIR

AUTHOR OF "DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS," "TECUMSEH:
A DRAMA," "COLLECTED POEMS," ETC.



From Tecumseh's Soliloquy at the Thames.

This is our Summer - when the painted wilds,
Like pictures in a dream, enchant the sight.
The forest bursts in glory like a flame!
Its leaves are sparks, its mystic breath the haze
Which blends in purple mazes with the air.
The Spirit of the Woods has decked his home,
And put his tinders like a garment on,
To flash, and glow, and dull, and fade, and die.

C. Mair



JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON

AUTHOR OF "SEA-DOGS AND MEN-AT-ARMS,"



Reality

These deathless wonders shame the Spanish blade:
Fury of Mars, hate of Sabine maid,
Firm of Olaf at the Christian font,
Love of Alexander in the Hellespont.

Men and machines are but a winter breath,
Seen for a moment, then dissolved by death.
Passions of men, the visions men may see
Drop to the confines of eternity.

— Jesse Edgar Middleton



J. LEWIS MILLIGAN



God's Library

God has a library,
wondrous and vast,
Where books are stored on the
Shelves of the past:

Tragedies, comedies,
Dramas of yore;
Dead worlds' long histories—
Infinite lore!

God has His favorite
Volumes, and these
Bound are in vellum white—
Biographies.

J. Lewis Milligan



SUSANNA MOODIE

AUTHOR OF "ENTHUSIASM AND OTHER POEMS" AND MUCH FUGITIVE VERSE,
"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," "LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS," ETC.



The Banner of England
The banner of old England flows
Triumphant on the breeze;
A sign of terror to our foes
The meteor of the seas —
A thousand heroes bore it,
In the battle fields of old;
All nations quailed before it,
Defeated by the bold —

Brave Edward and his gallant sons,
Beneath its shadow bled;
And lion-hearted Britons
That play to glory led
The sword of kings defended,
When hostile foes were near;
The sheet whose colors blended
Honourably proud and dear —

The history of a nation
Is blazoned on its page;
A brief and bright relation
Sent down from age to age.
Bright banner of our native land
Bold hearts are knit to thee;
A fearless free determined band
Thy champions yet shall be! —

Susanna Moodie.



ROBERT NORWOOD

AUTHOR OF "HIS LADY OF THE SONNETS," "THE WITCH OF ENDOR : A TRAGEDY," "THE PIPER AND THE REED," AND "THE MODERNISTS."

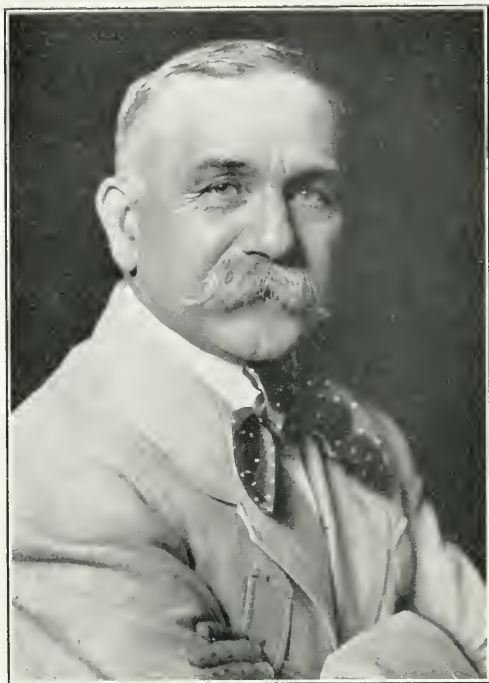


I have no temple and no creed,
I celebrate no mystic rite;
The human heart is all I need,
Wherein I worship, day and night.

The human heart is all I need,
For I have found God over them —
Love is the one sufficient creed
And comradeship the pleasant prayer!

I bro not down to any book,
No written page binds me in awe;
For when on one friend's face I look,
I read the Prophets and the Law!

Robert. Norwood
From "The Pipe and the Reed".



THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN DREAMLAND," "SONGS OF THE SETTLEMENT," "IN THE
HEART OF THE MEADOW," "SONGS OF HEROIC DAYS," ETC.



The Dreamer.

Men call me dreamer—what care I?
The cradle of my heart is rocked;
I dwell in realms beyond the earth;
The fold I mind is never locked!

Men call me dreamer—tho' forsooth
Because I spurn each thing of prose,
And count the steps that lead not up
A useless toil a round of loss.

Men call me dreamer—nay, that word
Hath turned its way from age to age;
Its light shone o'er Judea's hills
And thrilled the heart of seer and sage

Men call me dreamer—yet forget
The dreamer lives a thousand years,
While those whose hearts and hands knead clay
Live not beyond their dusty biers.

Thomas Hazan.



AMY PARKINSON

AUTHOR OF "LOVE THROUGH ALL," "IN HIS KEEPING," "BEST," ETC.



Friday, 18th Nov.

Following, at 10.15, I have written of my experience,
 These, working, in my garden, I have
 of some work, but not by a large piece;
 Only, perhaps, with some of the best, and I hope, we must
 be in good luck.

After having, the night of the
 17th, been at the work, and having, in the garden,
 that was the first time, I have been at the work.

Wm. R. R. R.

Toronto.



ARTHUR L. PHELPS



Apple Blossoms.

Shy, amorous,
The brown-haired dryads of the apple trees
I saw this day.
Shy were they in among the blowing blossoms;
Their white knees
Hidden by blossom tapestries
The wind had woven, weaving cunningly.
Yet their arms and faces,
And shoulders bloomy pink, by swaying spray
I saw, and their long glances,
In the sunny garden places
Where the sunlight dances,
Held me in sweet trances;
While they begged me come to play,
Bathe with them in blossoms,
On a white spring day!

Arthur L. Phelps.



MARJORIE PICKTHALL

AUTHOR OF "THE DRIFT OF PINIONS AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



On a Violet Leaf
from Keats' Grave.

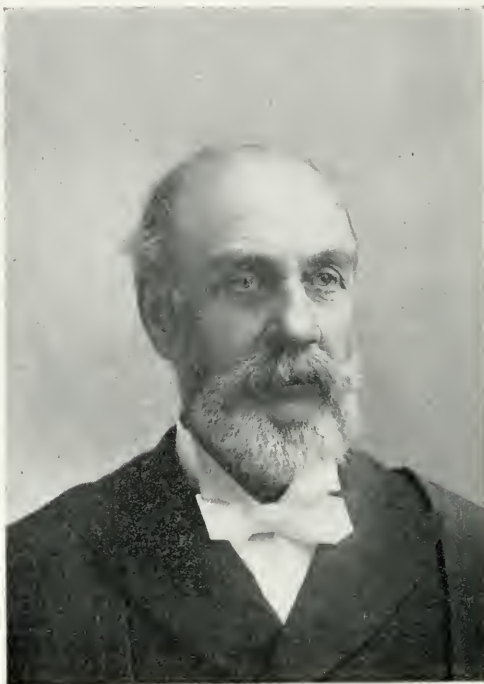
After the sharp salt kiss,
Tossom and Thorn of grief,
Time has no more than this, —
A leaf.

Out of the battled years,
The glory and the wrong,
Time gives, for all our tears, —
A song.

Is it of fragrance made,
Woven and rhymed of light,
The voice that from some shade
Silvers the night?

When the last shadows slope,
And day's own rose is pale, —
O love, immortal hope, —
His nightingale!

Marjorie L. Dickkall.



THEODORE HARDING RAND, D.C.L.

AUTHOR OF "AT MINAS BASIN" AND "SONG-WAVES." COMPILER OF THE
ANTHOLOGY "A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE."



Spent of Day, life's golden ray
That burneth in this house of clay
Despite the stress of blast & tempest
To quench the flickering light & play;

Rapture of seraphs bright thou art,
Yet kindest in the human hearth
The fluid soul's upbreathed emotion,
Whose light shines clear as a star apart,—

A fairer light of sweeter flame:
Then science knows to praise or blame,
Wherein the soul has open vision,
And feels the glow of His holy flame.

Theodore H. Rand
—



JOHN READE, F.R.S.C.

AUTHOR OF "THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



The Wheat's Reward.

Out of the ground I rose; the seed seemed dead
But lo! a slim green arm pushed through the sod,
And by and by before my maker, God,
I stood full ripe. A voice cried "Give us bread."
The wind of God went by; I bowed my head,
And one approached who held a curved knife,
And for the life of men he took my life,
And ever since by me are millions fed.

And then God spake these words: "O blessed weed,
The lowly sister of the lily proud,
Be thou my chosen messenger to shroud
The mystery of my Son, the Woman's Seed.
Thou dreadest not the sacrificial knife:
Be thou to dying men the Bread of Life.
John Reader.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

MAJOR IN CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, APPOINTED OFFICIAL
EYE-WITNESS TO CANADIAN ARMY.

AUTHOR OF "IN DIVERS TONES," "SONGS OF THE COMMON DAY," "THE BOOK
OF THE NATIVE," "NEW YORK NOCTURNES," "COLLECTED POEMS,"
ETC., NOVELS AND NATURE STORIES.



Said life to Art — I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity,
But when in thine own longing eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be.

Charles D. Roberts



LLOYD ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND OVERSEAS."



On the Marshes

Out on the marsh in the misty rain,
The air is full of the marsh refrain;
The long swamps echo the beat of wings,
The birds are back in the reeds again.

Down from the north they wing their way.
Out of the east they cross the bay.
From north and east they're steering home
To the inland ponds at the close of day.

Hide in the sea of reeds we lie
And watch the wild geese driving by;
And listen to the plover's piping,
The gray snipe's thin and lonely cry.

All day over the tangled mass
The marsh-birds wheel and scream and pass;
The smoke hangs white in the broken rice;
The feathers drift in the water-grass

Loyal Roberts



THEODORE GOODRICH ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF NOVELS, STORIES AND VERSE

SERVED IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, SEPTEMBER, 1914, TO DECEMBER, 1918. AIDE-DE-CAMP TO SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, JUNE, 1917, TO MARCH, 1918.



The Reckoning

Ye who would reckon with England —
Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney sailed aloft
And Nelson flung to the breeze —
Weigh well your metal and valour,
Count well your ships and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would hurl to warfare
Your hordes of bullies and slaves
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink its fame in the waves,
Count well your ships and battalions
~~then~~ Count well your horse and your gun,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would reckon with England!
Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
And the lion-heart in the fight! —

Weigh well your metal and valour,
Count well your ships and your guns,
For they who make war on England
Make war on a Mother's sons!

— Theodore Fordwidge Robert.



DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "THE MAGIC HOUSE," "LABOR AND THE ANGEL," "NEW WORLD
LYRICS AND BALLADS," "LUNDY'S LANE AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



—
The new moon a slender thing
In a nook of virgin light
She seemed all shy on venturing
Into the vast night

Her own land and folk were afar
She must have gone astray
But the gods had given a silver star
To be with her on the way

Apr 18-18

Duncan Leitch

2



FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUL'S QUEST," "MY LATTICE," "THE UNNAMED LAKE,"
"POEMS OLD AND NEW," "COLLECTED POEMS," ETC.

SENIOR CHAPLAIN OF FIRST CANADIAN DIVISION C.E.F.



The Heaven of Love.

I rose at midnight & beheld the sky
Down thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from his hand
Upon the floorways of his house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary waste, the gulfs no sight hath spanned,
And endless time for ever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder & a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above?

One little face shut out the boundless deep;
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

Frederick George Scott.



A VIEW (FROM A WATER-COLOR MADE IN 1849) OF THE LOG CHURCH AND
BURYING-GROUND ON THE PENGELLY FARM, RICE LAKE HERE
JOSEPH SCRIVEN PREACHED FOR MANY YEARS, AND HERE HE
LIES BURIED. NO PORTRAIT OF HIM IS KNOWN TO EXIST



"Pray without ceasing"

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

Oh! what peace we often forfeit;
Oh what needless pain we bear!
All, because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials, and temptations?
Is there trouble everywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we cold and unbelieving,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Here the Lord is still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Joseph Scriven.



ROBERT W. SERVICE

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH," "BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO," "RHYMES
OF A ROLLING STONE," "RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN," ETC.



My Madonna.

I hated me a woman from
off the street,
Shameless, but oh so fair!
I bade her sit in the model's
seat,
And I painted her sitting
there.

She laughed at my picture
And went away,

Then came with a knowing
nod,
A Connoisseur, and I heard
him say
" 'Tis Mary, the Mother of God."

I hid all trace of her
heart unclean;
I painted a babe at her
breast,
I painted her as she might
have been
If the Worst had been
the Best.

So I painted a babe round
her hair,
and I sold her and took
my fee,

And she hangs in the
Church of Saint Hilare,
Where you and all may
see.

Robert W. Service
Aug. 18.



VIRNA SHEARD

AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE AND OTHER POEMS."

Dreams

Keep thou thy dreams though faith should
 faint and fail,
 And thou should loose thy fingers from the
 creels;
 The vision of the Christ will still await
 To lead thee on to truth and tender deeds.

Keep thou thy dreams through all the winter's
 cold;
 When woods are withered and the garden grey—
 Dream thou of roses, with their hearts of gold—
 Beckon to summers that are on their way.

Keep thou thy dreams, — the tissue of
 all things.
 Let troves grow of them; grow dreams
 are small
 The precious and imperishable things
 Whose footless lives on — and does not fade.

Vincent Sheard



GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

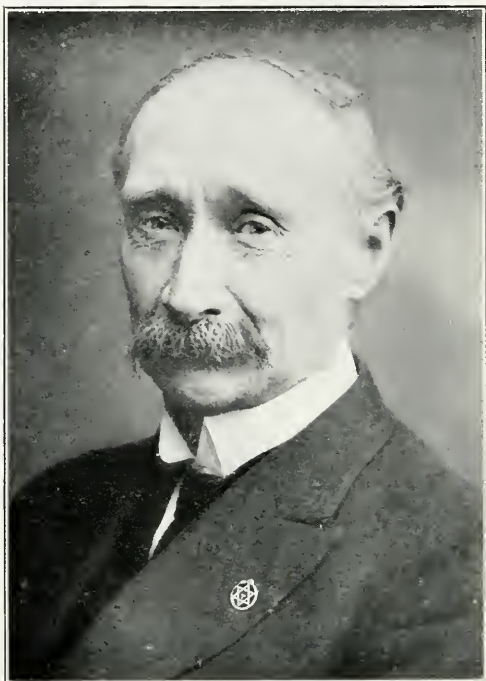
AUTHOR OF "BAY LEAVES," "SPECIMENS OF GREEK TRAGEDY," ETC



Translated from the Greek of Menon.

I wept Theonoe lost; but one fair child
his father's heart of half its woe beguiled.
And now, sole source of hope and comfort left,
That one fair child by envious fate is reft.
Death, hear a father's prayer and lay to rest
My little one on its lost mother's breast.

Goldwin Smith.



ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE



Easter Eve.

Lines for Lehar's Walz by Strain.

Golden rose the moon of March that
still mild night;
Silver white through purple pierced
the star-points bright,
Not a whisper murmured in the
pines above,
Silence lived like music in a dream
of love.

Thirty years have vanished like the
sunset gleam,
Life and death the shadows falling
on a stream;
Good and ill betrayed us — wrought
no passing pain,
Peace the only perfect gift the soul
attains

Birth has taught us yearning for
Eternal Day;
Births to come will set us far
that shining way;
Beauty clothes the peasant, Love
preserves it whole;
All the mighty magic serves the
Sons of old

Robert B. Dwyer, the.



ROBERT J. C. STEAD

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE PRAIRIE," "EMPIRE BUILDERS," "EMPIRE BORN,"
"KITCHENER AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



Kitcheners.

Weep, moans of England! nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild man's weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master-mind,

We hoped an honored age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and its dim
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better Set him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in its deep,
And England's glory is its sea.

Leap, moans of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in its blast;
For Earth is envious of its sea
Which shelters England's dead at least,

Robert J. C. Stead



ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," "IRISH POEMS," "OPEN WATER," ETC.



On a Child's Portrait.

Deep in the fluted hollow of its shells
Singly some echo of the Ocean dwells.

Still in September's fruitage, mellow-cored,
The fittest sweets of golden rooms are stored.

And shimmering on a blue-fruits migrant wings
Some frequent touch of June's lost eyes brings.

Still in the nothing sleep today their glances
Are lingering yet of April's vanished dances.

Still in the cell of one autumnal bee
I find lost Summer in epitome.

And all that better life that I would lead,
Wait small in this, one child's place, I read.

Arthur Stringer



ALAN SULLIVAN

LIEUTENANT IN ROYAL AIR FORCE

AUTHOR OF "BLANTYRE ALIEN" AND "THE INNER DOOR."



To the Grave of an unknown
British Soldier

Knit thyself close, memorial grass,
Green be and strong O sacred Sod
And, lest a careless Traveller pass
Unmoved, let every hidden clod
Enriched by this once radiant frame,
Beneath the ripple of a mound,
Pour out such echoes of his name
That they shall reach him - underground.

Unmarked - save on the deathless page -
He heard, he hastened, fought and fell
For a swift privileged heritage
So late perceived, but loved so well
That this mute clay, half man, half boy,
In some divine awakening caught;
Set it against all dreams and joy
And died in rapture at the thought.

Earth hath her dumb and poignant moods,
Her ancient passions of regret,
And with elusive pity broods,
Though man himself too soon forget:
No chill oblivion enters where
Her slumbrous eyes for death alone,
Not solitary is he there -
Who rests with her rests not alone

Alan Sullivan



EVE BRODLIQUE SUMMERS



L'après

There is no absence, though indeed it seems
That in a distant-land you sometimes stray,
Shut far from me by mountains and by streams
I, nonetheless, feel your presence night and day
Your cheek next mine rests all throughout my dreams!

There is no absence, though mile after mile
Stretches between your clinging hands and mine,
In my wear of light I see your smile,
From my shadow watch your dark eyes shine
And feel our love over-reaching all exile!

Death is but so-called absence, long drawn out
Wherein your spirit-swoops to mine again,
Undimmed by distance and unmarred by fear
Unfettered by the accident of pain!
My own! My dear! the distance - There - or Here?

In Rodolphe Summers



HARTLEY MUNRO THOMAS

LIEUTENANT IN ROYAL AIR FORCE, B.E.F.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF AN AIRMAN AND OTHER POEMS."



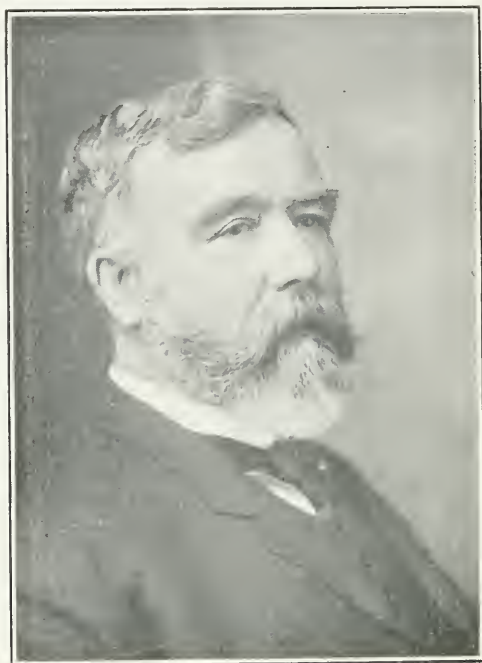
H. — R. F. C., missing believed killed.
A rain drop on the leaf
Of a rose is here —
The purest form of grief
Is a sunbeam's tear.

The airman who is slain
Has a petal shroud
And he feels the gentle rain
From the mourning cloud.

Where comrade sunbeams leap
In the open shade,
Where the hero fell asleep
With a smiling face.

12th S
R.F.C.
29/6/17

Hailey W. Thomas



EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

AUTHOR OF "THE MANY-MANSIONED HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS,"
"OLD MAN SAVARIN," ETC.



From
The Willow Whistle.

A day when April willows fringed the pool
Of fifty years ago with freshening gold,
Myself came trudging from the country school
With my tall grandsire of the wars of old;
His peaceful pen-knife trimmed a ravished shoot,
Nicked deep the green and hollowed out the white,
To fashion for the child a willow flute,
His age exulting in the shrill delight;
"For so", he said, "my grandsire made
The sweetest whistle ever blew,
When I and he were you and me
And all the world was new."

Now grandson "Billy" snuggles palm in mine.
"Over the hills", he blows, "and far away."
O pipe of Aecady, how clear and fine
Thy single note salutes the yearning day!
The breeze in branches bare, the whistling wing,
The subtle-bubbling frogs, the blue-birds call,
The quivering sounds of ever-piercing Spring,
That one thin willow note attunes them all;
And, far and near at once, I hear
The sweetest whistle ever blew,
Lilting again the olden strain,
And all the world is new.

E. W. Thomson



BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

LIEUTENANT IN 11TH LEICESTER REGIMENT, B.E.F.
KILLED IN ACTION MAY 7TH, 1917

AUTHOR OF "A CANADIAN TWILIGHT AND OTHER POEMS OF WAR AND OF PEACE."



I see with the clear vision of that
 untainted prime,
 Before the folk bells jangled in,
 and England closed to chime,
 That sun and pain and sorrow
 are but a pantomime—
 A dance of hours in ether, I know
 of shadows and of sun,
 From whose decaying husks at last
 what glory shall appear
 When the white winter angel leads in
 the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars and when
 I come to die
 I will not look for Jasper walls, but
 cast about my eye
 For a row of wind-blown poplars
 against an English sky.

Bernard J. Gutter

The Poplars
 O, a lush green English meadow— its
 there that I would be—
 A skylark singing overhead, scarce far
 to the eye,
 And a row of wind-blown poplars against
 an English sky.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
 When the wind goes through the poplars
 and flings them silver white

the wonder of the universe is flooded
 before my sight:

I see immortal oceans: I know a gods
 delight.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

I catch the secret rhythm that stabs
 along the earth.

That swells the bud, and splits the
 bar, and gives the oak its girth.

That makes the flight and carles
 with its eternal breath.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx



JOHN FRUSHARD WADDINGTON

CAPTAIN 2ND CANADIAN PIONEERS, C.E.F.

AUTHOR OF "CANADA AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



From: "The Little Things"

The little tender blades of grass,
The tiny buds of green,
The shoots, the fronds that in a mass
Beneath the moss are seen;
The delicate, untempered growth
That every forest bears,
As if the very Earth were loath
To advertise her wares,
Are still as beautiful, as dear
To Him who gave them life
As any bloom that does not fear
The highway and the stripe.

The hidden, gentle thoughts that rise
Like wind-blown scent of flowers
Wafting their incense to the skies
Endowed with secret powers
To charm, to soothe, to drive away
The rough, uncouth veneer
Of unkind moods that try to slay
With barb or pointed spear,
How we should welcome them! & know
From whence their sweetness springs -
To set the happy heart aglow,
To give the Spirit wings.

John Waddington



ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

AUTHOR OF "IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS," "THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD,"
"LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE," "THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CHARACTER," ETC.



From "The Aureole." Heart of The Hills.
By Albert Durrant Watson.

Friend of the Steadfast heart,
When day is done
And night falls westward,
After all these stern restraints of will,
In that glad hour
When kind, mysterious Death
Rides down the wind
And hurricanes of flame
Unloose our wings
To the great life beyond,
Then crush me to your heart
And I will fold you
As a flower to mine
Before the face of God.
And we shall mount
In chariot of the blast
To heights of ecstasy and power,
The stern, dark beauty of the SKY
Unveiled to open view
In one tremendous storm-betrothal
To Love's immortal youth.

In that new love-laid of our dream,
Where violet odours
With the wild thrush-music blend
Beside the singing streams,
I'll lay Love's Aureole upon your brow
And love you as I love you now.

Albert Durrant Watson.



ETHELWYN WETHERALD

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF TREES," "TANGLED IN STARS," "THE RADIANT ROAD," "THE LAST ROBIN," ETC.



Legacies

unto my friends I give
my thoughts,
unto my God my soul,
unto my foe I leave my
love —
that is of life the whole.

Nay, there is something,
a trifle left:
who shall receive this
dower?

See, Earth Mother, a
handful of dust,
turn it into a flower

Phelwyn Wetherald.

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